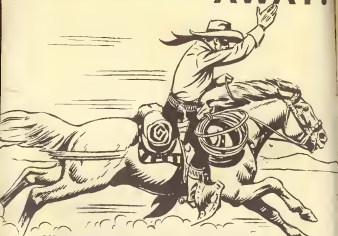


# The Lone Ranger



THIS IS A  
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FEATURES  
COMIC

# HI-YO, SILVER, AWAY!



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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 8, February, 1940. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.  
George T. Delamar, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice President; Albert F. Delamar, Vice President. Second-class matter approved for at  
the Post Office, New York, N. Y. Subscription in U.S.A., \$1.00 per year; single copies, 15 cents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year, no  
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# The Lone Ranger

ON THE TRAIL OF A CRIMINAL







SO YOU DID  
LEARN  
SOMETHING  
IN THE  
CAFE.

THAT RIGHT, HE LEARN  
HIGGINS RODE IN  
TOWN HIM TEAM-UP  
WITH CROOK, NAMED  
SLADE!

SLADE: "ALL RIGHT,  
WE'LL WATCH BOTH OF THEM."



YOU NOT  
CAPTURE  
HIGGINS  
NOW?

NO, TONY, WE'LL WATCH HIM. IF  
HE CAPTURE HIM FOR THE  
CRIME IN TEXAS, WE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE  
HIM BACK THERE.



BUT IF WE BREAK THE LAW HERE  
IN THE COPPER COUNTRY, WE  
CAN SEE HIM JAILED  
RIGHT  
HERE.



NOW THAT YOU CAN POSE AS  
THE LONE RANGER, HIGGINS,  
HOW D'YA FIGURE ON GETTIN'  
MARTIN CONFES  
MINE?

THROUGH THAT  
KID-NAMED DAN, THAT  
WORKS FOR MARTIN.



THERE'S DAN AN'  
HE'S ALONE. I'LL  
GET ON A HANK  
AN' CHASE ON  
HIM.

GET GOIN', HIGGINS.  
MAKE HIM THINK  
YOU'RE THE LONE  
RANGER.



NOW FOR MAKE DAN THINK ON  
THE LONE RANGER. AND YOU  
SURE THE REST OF THE GANG  
WILL SEE THAT  
MARTIN DON'T  
INTERFERE?

THEY'LL  
WATCH WITH  
CARE. THE  
REPORT THE  
ME!



HEY SLADE! SOMEONE'S COMIN'  
AN' IT AINT MARTIN!

WHO, THEN?









SO I PAID MR. MARTIN THE  
CASH AND GOT THE DEED  
TO THAT WORTHLESS LAND  
GRANDPA. NOW, WHEN THE  
LONE RANGER COMES, I'LL  
HAND IT OVER TO HIM.



BUT, DAD, YOU  
DON'T SEEM SO  
HAPPY ABOUT  
MEETING THE  
LONE RANGER!

OH, SURE, I AM - ONLY -  
HE - OH - HE - WELL,  
HE'S DIFFERENT THAN  
I THOUGHT HE'D BE.



WHY DOES THE  
LONE RANGER  
WANT THAT LAND?

OH, HE JUST WANTS TO BE SURE THERE'LL  
ALWAYS BE WATER FOR THE PIONEERS.  
IF MARTIN KEPT HOLDIN' THE LAND ON  
BOTH SIDES OF THE CREEK, HE COULD  
CLIP OFF THE WATER - OR HIS NEARS  
COULD - SOME DAY -



NOW, DAD, I'LL GET THE KID INTO THE DEED TO  
THE LAND, THEN WE'LL GET MARTIN HIT FIRST  
THIS JOB WITH A DOUBLE MURDER!



TORNO, I'M GOING TO CALL ON MR. MARTIN  
HE'S THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN TOWN  
HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING  
ABOUT HIGGINS.



IF WE CAN CATCH HIGGINS IN SOME OF  
HIS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES AND JAIL HIM  
HERE, IT WILL SAVE TAKING HIM ALL THE  
WAY BACK TO TEXAS.



MARTIN, - - -

HARKED? WHAT'S  
THAT MEAN?



YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL FIX YOU!





MR. MARTIN, GET YOUR GUN! THIS MAN'S AN IMPOSTOR!

TAKE IT EASY, LADY!



I SAW THE REAL LOVE RANGER! HE'S THE ONE THAT GAVE ME THE CASH TO BUY THAT WORTHLESS LAND FROM YOU, MR. MARTIN!

WELL, YOU SAW THE LOVE RANGER. ASKED YOU TO BUY A PIECE OF LAND FROM HIM!

WELL!



HE WANTED TO BE SURE THE WATER RIGHTS WOULD NEVER BE CUT OFF!

YOU LISTEN TO ME, SON! THERE'S AN IMPOSTOR AROUND HERE, BUT IT'S NOT ME! NOW TO THE DETAILS OF THAT DEAL!



SO SOMEONE WEARING A MASK TOLD YOU HE WAS THE LOVE RANGER.

BUT WHAT'S HIS GAME? WHY WOULD HE PAY CASH TO BUY WORTHLESS LAND?

Y-YES, SIR.



I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY TO FIND OUT!



THERE'S A PACK OF CROOKS AROUND HERE THAT WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE ME FROM MY GOPPER HOLE, BUT THEY'VE BEEN LICKED AT EVERY TURN!



WELL, MR. MARTIN, THERE'S A NEW CROOK NOW! HIS NAME IS HIGGINS! I FOLLOWED HIM ALL THE WAY FROM TEXAS. HE'S THE ONE WHO IS POSING AS THE LOVE RANGER.



I'LL TRY TO FIND HIGGINS AND LEARN WHY HE BOUGHT THAT LAND FROM YOU!

LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN HELP YOU.



GODDY, MR. MARTIN, THAT WAS THE REAL LONE RANGER! I WAS FOOLED COMPLETELY BY THAT OTHER FELLOW!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAN. ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE.



COME ON, MOVES!

I'LL REPORT TO THE BOON. RIGHT AWAY, HIGGINS WILL WANT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS!

I SURE HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, HIGGINS.



THAT WAS THE BILL OF SALE FOR THAT NO-GOOD LAND THAT MARTIN SOLD THROUGH THE KID



AND THE KID THOUGHT HE WAS HELPIN' THE LONE RANGER. THAT'S GOOD!



I'LL HAVE THIS BILL OF SALE ALL FIXED UP IN A MINUTE, NOW.



THERE! NOW THIS SAYS THAT MARTIN WAS SOLD IN HIS COPPER MINES! NOW'S THAT?



BUT MARTIN WILL DENY IT AN' EVERY-ONE WILL BELIEVE HIM, IN SPITE OF THAT PAPER. THE KID WILL BACK HIM UP.



MARTIN AND THE KID WON'T DENY ANYTHIN'! THEY'LL BE DEAD!



WE'LL KILL MARTIN AND THE BOY BEFORE WE CLAIM THAT WE'VE BOUGHT THE COPPER MINE, SAVVY?



THAT'S A SUCKA IDEA, IF WE CAN KILL 'EM AND NOT BE SUSPECTED!



LEAVE THIS TO ME.



KEY, HIGGINS, SAID!





THE REAL LONE RANGER AM TALKED TO MARTIN AND THE KID NAMED DAN. WE'LL KNOW ABOUT THE LAND YOU BOUGHT.



GOOD! THEN WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO KILL THE LONE RANGER ALONG WITH THE OTHERS. I'LL SHOW YOU NOW!



BUT, SEE HERE, HIGGINS, HOW DO YA PLAN TO KEEP THE LONE RANGER FROM SPOLIN' OUR GAME?

I'LL SHOW YOU!



I'LL WRITE A NOTE AN' HIDE IT 'TIL THE LONE RANGER GETS ME AN INDIAN BOW AND ARROW!



WELL, THIS DO, HIGGINS?

FINEST RATE.



I'LL FIX THE NOTE TO THE ARROW, THEN WE'LL GET THE DEATH TRAP!



CAN YOU HANDLE A BOW AND ARROW, HIGGINS?

YARR, LEARNED IT IN TENNA.

BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ARROW AN' THE NOTE.



NOW THAT THEY'VE SEEN THE REAL LONE RANGER, DAN AND MARTIN KNOW ABOUT HIS INDIAN BROTHER.



THIS IS THE INDIAN WAY OF SENDING  
A MESSAGE.



THERE GOES OUR  
MESSAGE!

THE DEATH  
MESSAGE!!



A MESSAGE! I'LL GET IT FROM  
TOMTOM!



THE LONG RANGER WANTS US  
TO MEET HIM AT THE BIG BEND  
CAVE! BOTH OF US!



THERE THEY GO! FOLLOWING  
THE FAKE MESSAGE  
FROM THE LONG  
RANGER

GREAT! WE CAN GET THEM  
IN THE BIG BEND CAVE.



NOW WHAT, HISSING? THERE GO OUR TWO  
PARTS. WE CAN TRAP 'EM IN THE CAVE  
ANY TIME! FIGHT 'EM!

AND LEAVE THE LONG  
RANGER ALIVE? NOT ON YOUR  
LIFE! I WANT  
HIM TOO!

BUT HOW CAN  
GON'TON GET HIM?



RIGHT HERE IS A COPY OF THE  
FAKE NOTE I SENT. I LEAVE THEM IN  
THE OFFICE.



WHEN THE LONG RANGER SEES THIS  
HE'LL HEAD FOR BIG BEND CAVE.  
TOO! THEN WE'LL HAVE 'EM!







THE CROOKS! THEY PLANNED TO BLOW  
US TO SMITHERS! I FOUND THE BURNIN'  
POWDER!



AND HERE'S THE DENAR, MARTIN,  
THEY CARRIED THE BILL OF SALE TO  
LOOK AS IF YOU SOLD THEM YOUR MINES  
INSTEAD OF WORTHLESS LAND.

GREAT SCOTT!



I'VE GOT TO HURRY! GET UP  
THERE!



WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO DAN?



AS THE LONG BARBER TAKES THE WOULD-BE  
KILLERS TO JAIL, HIS MIND IS FILLED WITH THE  
FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY NAMED DAN.



COULD BEING AND MYSTERIOUS QUALITY  
ABOUT DAN HAUNTS THE MARRIED MAN.



THIS IS BLACKFOOT  
ARROW!



HURRY UP! WE'VE  
GOT OTHER THINGS  
TO DO.



I'LL CALL OUT THE SHERIFF  
TO TAKE THESE CROOKS.  
THERE'S EVIDENCE APLenty  
IN THE HADDLEBAGS  
HERE.

MR. MARTIN, I'M GOING  
AFTER DAN. I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT HIM. HE RACED AWAY AS IF  
HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT ON HIS MIND.



I THINK I KNOW. IT'S HIS  
GRANDMA. SHE'S BEEN ALIVE  
FOR A LONG TIME.



IT LOOKS SERIOUS THIS TIME!



MR. MARTIN, MR. MARTIN!  
IT'S GRAM!















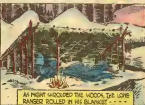














# The Lone Ranger

## AND THE SECRET WEAPON

WE'LL MAKE CAMP AT THE FIRST  
SHALTED PLACE WE FIND  
TOMTO! THE BLIZZARD MAKES  
IT TOUGH GOING FOR THE  
HORSES!



AN OLD CABIN, PROBABLY  
LEFT BY SOME HUNTER!



GO BACK! TURN BACK, IF YOU  
VALUE YOUR LIFE!



SOMEONE IS THERE, TOMTO...  
BUT I CAN'T HEAR WHAT  
HE SAYS!



DAD! HE'S  
MASKED!

GREAT DAY! SO  
HE IS! GIVING  
MY EYE!



CLOSE IN, TOMTO, BEFORE  
HE SHOOT!



GO BACK OR  
I SHOOT!



YOU AREN'T THE  
SORT WHO FIRES  
AT STRANGERS!

IF YOU WANT  
TO KILL  
US, HERE  
TUN ON  
WITH US!



I'M NO OUTLAW!  
WE CAME HERE  
FOR SHELTER  
FROM THE  
STORM!

WELL, NOW YOU  
ARE HERE, YOU  
MAY AS WELL  
COME IN!





ONE OF 'EM FIGGERS TO RIDE  
FOR HELP! TAKE HIM, BOYS... AND  
WE'LL SHOW 'EM HOW  
RANCY SHOOTIN'!



PLENTY  
ACCURATE  
SHOOTIN'!

COME BACK  
HERE, TONTO!



YOU SEE  
HOW CROOK  
RIDE FOUR  
SHOTS?

YES! THEY MADE A  
PATTERN TO SHOW  
THEIR ACCURACY!  
THERE'S NO HOPE  
OF GETTING OUT  
AGAINST THAT  
KIND OF  
SHOOTING!



WHAT DO I  
STAY HERE  
TO SEARCH?

NO! WE'RE GOING  
TO TURN A NEW  
WEAPON AGAINST  
THOSE CROOKS!



A NEW  
WEAPON?  
WHAT KIND?

A SECRET  
WEAPON!



HOW MUCH AM-  
MUNITION HAVE  
YOU?



QUITE A BIT, HERE  
IT IS... TOO BAD  
WE CAN'T EAT  
GUNPOWDER!

CUT THE BUL-  
LETS FROM  
THOSE CAR-  
TRIDGES... I  
NEED A PILE  
OF GUN-  
POWDER!



THIS IS SURE AN  
ODD WAY TO FIGHT  
FOUR FUR THIEVES!



I GUESS THOSE  
SHOTS WE FIRED  
TAUGHT 'EM A  
LESSON!

THERE WON'T  
BE ANY MORE  
BREAKS FROM  
THAT HOUSE!



HOW MUCH OF  
THE POWDER  
DO WE NEED?

JUST A  
LITTLE  
MORE!











WHILE THE LONG RANGER  
RIDES AT TOP  
SPEED!



WE CAN'T WAIT  
FOR THEM TO  
STARVE, NOW...  
WE'VE GOT TO  
ATTACK!



KILL 'EM  
AN' ON  
THE FURS!

THAT'S THE  
TICKETS!

SPREAD OUT! WE'LL CLOSE IN ON  
THE CABIN FROM ALL SIDES! THERE'S  
THREE PEOPLE THERE...  
KILL ALL THREE!



TO HOPED WE'D STARVE  
THEM TIL DEATH AN' THEN  
ON THOSE FURS... AND  
THERE'D BE NO TRACE  
OF MURDER!



HE'LL BE BACK  
SOON, TOO!

WE CAN'T  
WAIT  
NOW! THE  
MARKED  
MAN'S  
GOT  
AWAY!

LEFTEY, YOU  
AN' PATTON  
GO THAT  
WAY!



RIGHT!

YOU COME THIS WAY WITH  
ME! WE'LL CLOSE IN ON  
THE CABIN FROM  
BOTH SIDES!



WAIT TILL I FIRE THE FIRST SHOT  
THEN LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BETTY! WE'RE  
IN FOR IT!



WHAT'S  
HAPPENING,  
DAD?

THOSE CROOKS ARE DOWN!  
POWERS! THEY'RE DOWN TO  
ATTACK US!



WE'LL START SHOOTIN'  
AND CLOSE IN!







WE CAN'T FIGHT  
THIS FIRE...IT'S  
STARTED FROM  
THE OUTSIDE!



THEY'VE STARTED  
ANOTHER FIRE!!



IT'S A LOSIN' FIGHT! WE  
AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!



DOGS STILL  
OUTSIDE!  
Mebbe we  
got-um sum  
chance!

THOSE DOGS WON'T  
FIGHT OUR FIGHT--  
THEY AIN'T THAT  
KIND!



MEbbe IDEA  
WORK!

WE CAN'T  
STAY IN HERE  
MUCH  
LONGER!



THIS FOOD  
YOU SAYS  
FOR DOGS?

THAT'S RIGHT--  
FROZEN FISH!  
BUT WHAT--



THEY'VE OPENED THE  
DOOR--THEY'LL BE  
COMIN' OUT WITH  
THEIR HANDS UP!

BE READY!



THE DOGS, WHICH HAD DRAWN BACK  
FROM THE FIRE, SEE TOWNS HOLDING  
THEIR FAMILIAR FOOD!



DAD!  
WHAT'S  
HE DOIN'  
THAT FOR?

RIGHTN' FER TIME! IT  
ONES THE LONG RAN-  
ONER MORE CHANCE  
TO GET HERE!



HEY! LOOK  
AT THOSE  
DOGS  
COMIN' BACK!

NEVAMINE THE DOGS!  
WATCH FOR THEM  
TO COME OUT OF  
THE CABIN!



WHAT'S HE  
THROWIN'  
AT US?





# GIT ALONG,

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING FOR PLEASURE,  
I SPIED A COMPUNCHER ALL RIDING ALONG, HIS HAT  
WAS THROWN O BACK AND HIS SPURS WAS A JINGLIN'  
AS HE APPROACHED ME A-SINGIN' THIS SONG:



WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DODGIES,  
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE AND NONE OF MY OWN  
WHOOPEE, TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DODGIES, FOR  
YOU KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME

EARLY IN THE SPRING WE ROUND UP THE DODGIES,  
MARK AND BRAND AND SOB OFF THEIR TAILS, ROUND  
UP OUR HORSES, LOAD UP THE CHUCK WAGON,  
THEN THROW THE DODGIES UPON THE NORTH TRAIL.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DODGIES,  
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE AND NONE OF MY OWN  
WHOOPEE, TI YI YO, GIT ALONG, LITTLE DODGIES, FOR  
YOU KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.





# LITTLE DOGIES

IT'S WHOOPIN' AND YELLIN' AND DRIVIN' THE DOGIES,  
OH, HOW I WISH YOU WOULD GO ON; IT'S WHOOPIN'  
AND PUNCHIN', SO OH, LITTLE DOGIES, FOR YOU  
KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, SIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES,  
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE AND NONE OF MY OWN.  
WHOOPEE, TI YI YO, SIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES, FOR  
YOU KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.

YOUR MOTHER SHE WAS RAISED 'WAY DOWN IN TEXAS,  
WHERE THE JIMSON-WEED AND THE SAND-BURRS GROW;  
NOW WE'LL FILL YOU UP ON PRICKLY PEAR AND CHOLLA,  
TILL YOU ARE READY FOR THE TRAIL, TO IDAHO.

WHOOPEE TI YI YO, SIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES,  
IT'S YOUR MISFORTUNE AND NONE OF MY OWN.  
WHOOPEE, TI YI YO, SIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES, FOR  
YOU KNOW WYOMING WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME.



# Wild Bill Hickok and the Texas Badman

by Carl Smith

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This thrilling bit of the Old West is based on actual records telling of the time when Wild Bill Hickok, the famous marshal of Abilene, crossed paths with John Wesley Hardin, one of the deadliest gunmen of American frontier history.

"I kill a Texan every morning before breakfast," the stranger in the Abilene saloon announced. "I kill 'em on general principles—they're a bunch of dirty, yellow horse-thieves, and—" A boy of 19, seated at a table with a friend, rose slowly. "Two from Texas present," he said. "Me and my friend here."

The stranger turned toward the speaker, and his hand dropped to the gun on his hip. Two shots crashed out almost simultaneously, but the young Texan's shooting was faster and more accurate. The stranger, his arm creased, leaped behind the other Texan, who had risen.

Six-shooters blazed again, and the young Texan's friend was wounded. As he dropped to the floor, the stranger started to run. A bullet from the youth's .44 struck him in the mouth and blew out the back of his head. He was dead when he hit the floor, dropped by the Texan's bullet.

The victor ran out, jumped on his horse, and galloped away. It was time to leave town, for this was 1871, when Wild Bill Hickok was enforcing the law in Abilene with a ready six-gun. And less than four hours earlier, Wild Bill had tangled horns with the young Texan.

The 19-year-old six-gun expert was John Wesley Hardin, who later became



one of the most notorious killers of the old West. A Texas preacher's son, Jack Hardin killed his first man when he was 15 years old, and during the remainder of his life accounted for at least 35 victims.

He had arrived in Abilene a few days earlier with a Texas cow outfit which had brought a herd up the trail. Already, at the age of 19, he had 15 notches on his six-gun. Previous to his arrival, Wild Bill Hickok had received a folder from Texas offering a reward for Hardin's arrest.

Instead of arresting young Hardin for the Texas authorities, however, Hickok had merely warned him to stay out of trouble while he was in Abilene. Hardin followed the advice for two days, until he and some friends who were trying to drink the town dry started a disturbance in a saloon.

Wild Bill came into the saloon to quell the disturbance, and ordered Hardin to take his guns off and leave them off as long as he stayed in Abilene. Amicably, Hardin took his pair

of six-guns out of their holsters and offered them, butts foremost, to Marshal Hickok.

But as Hickok advanced to take the guns, unworily dropping his own Colt slightly, Hardin suddenly whirled his .44's, reversing them in his hands, and the famous marshal of Abilene found himself looking into a pair of muzzles where the butts of the guns had been a second before.

It was probably the only time in Wild Bill Hickok's life that anyone got the drop on him. This trick, known as "the roll" and later used widely, was invented by Hardin, and Wild Bill had never encountered it before. Then he quietly talked Hardin into putting up his guns.

Wild Bill took the young desperado into a back room and talked to him like a Dutch uncle. He learned that a gambler who wanted him killed—but didn't dare try it himself—had convinced Hardin that Hickok intended to

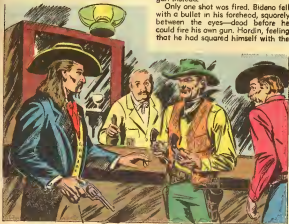
shoot him in the back. They were friends when they left the room.

It was later that same day when Hardin shot the man in the saloon. Hardin, gunman though he was, didn't want to answer to Hickok for killing. He was in hiding a few miles west of Abilene a day or two later, when a Mexican named Bideno bushwhacked one of the boys in Hardin's outfit.

Two posse failed to capture Bideno, and the cattlemen persuaded the sheriff of the county to deputize Hardin. Accompanied by a friend, Hardin took the trail and followed Bideno west to Wichita, then south toward Indian Territory, which was then a favorite refuge for outlaws.

Hardin caught up with Bideno at Bluff Creek, only a few miles from Indian Territory. He learned that Bideno was eating dinner in the saloon. Walking in alone, he found his quarry seated at a table. Hardin ordered him to surrender, but Bideno went for his gun instead.

Only one shot was fired. Bideno fell with a bullet in his forehead, squarely between the eyes—dead before he could fire his own gun. Hardin, feeling that he had squared himself with the





authorities in Abilene by this act, returned to the town openly, in no fear of trouble with the law.

The cattlemen of Abilene threw a party in Hardin's honor and gave him a purse of \$1000 for tracking down Bidena. In the midst of the festivities, Hickok appeared. He walked up to the young gunman. "Are you trying to harrow me, Hardin?" he demanded. The other celebrants quickly took cover.

Hardin explained that he had nothing but the highest esteem for Wild Bill, but felt that he had earned the right to return to Abilene as a peaceful citizen. "Well," said Hickok, "why don't you offer me a battle, then?" And trouble between the two was thus once more averted.

But the next night a six-shooter roared in the corridor outside Hardin's room in the American House, and the young Texan was found with a smoking .44 in his hand, standing over a dead man. According to Hardin's story, the man was a burglar he had caught going through his room.

Suspecting that Wild Bill's patience might be wearing thin, however, Hardin did not stay around to give his story to the Abilene marshal. As Hickok walked into the hotel, Hardin and

a cousin leaped from the roof into the open hack in which Wild Bill had arrived, and soon vanished.

Hickok's deputy and two assistants succeeded in picking up Hardin's trail. A few miles outside of town, however, he held them up with a gun borrowed from a cow camp, and sent them back to Abilene disarmed, and clad only in their underwear. It was the last that Abilene or Wild Bill ever saw of Jack Hardin, badman.

This encounter with young Hardin was, of course, hardly more than an incident in the 39-year frontier career of the long-haired, handlebar-mustached marshal of Abilene—the famous Wild Bill Hickok. His reputation was solidly established during the period when he served as sheriff in Hays, Kansas, where he patrolled the streets armed with a bowie knife and a sawed-off shotgun besides his two pistols. There, among others, Hickok killed a desperado named Strawhan. Later he succeeded Tom Smith as Abilene's marshal, where, his name and fame having preceded him, he was generally given a wide berth. Hickok finally met his inevitably violent doom when one Jack McCall shot him in the back while he was playing poker.

# RANGE SAVVY

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WILLIAM H. HARRIS

## THE COWBOY

WE ALL KNOW THE FAME OF THE COWBOY IN STORY AND SONG; HIS MANY DEEDS OF COURAGE AND THE PART HE PLAYED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST. AT THIS TIME WE WILL DISCUSS HIS WORKING TOOLS OR OUTFIT.



LEVIS-(OVERALLS)  
TIGHT-FITTING PANTS



THE BIG HAT OR SOMBRERO IS THE TRADE-MARK OF THE COW COUNTRY. BESIDES ITS USE AS A HEAD COVERING IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, THE CROWN CAN BE USED AS A WATER BUCKET AND TO TURN UNRULY STOCK BY WAVING THE BIG HAT AT THEM.

### CHAPS.

LEATHER LEG COVERINGS ARE USED TO PROTECT THE RIDER FROM LEG INJURIES WHEN RIDING THROUGH DENSE BRUSH AND CACTI COUNTRY-- ALSO AS PROTECTION AGAINST RAIN OR COLO.

SPURS ARE WORN UPON THE HEEL AND ARE USED TO CONTROL THE HORSE AND NOT TO PUNISH HIM AS MANY BELIEVE ---



A GOOD SPUR IS ONE WITH A LARGE ROWEL AND MANY BLUNTED POINTS. A LIGHT TOUCH OF THE SPUR IS ALL A HORSE NEEDS TO QUICE HIM.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE ITEM OF THE COWBOY'S OUTFIT IS USUALLY HIS BOOTS. THE HIGH HEEL IS NECESSARY TO KEEP HIS FOOT FROM SLIPPING THROUGH THE STIRRUP. WHEN WORKING ON THE GROUND IT ALLOWS HIM TO GET A "HEEL HOLO" SO TO SPEAK WHEN BULLDOGGING OR ROPING AN UNRULY HORSE OR COW.

## THE COWHORSE

A GOOD COWHORSE MUST HAVE STRENGTH, INTELLIGENCE, AND ALWAYS BE ALERT FOR THE UNEXPECTED. THE COWBOY AND HORSE ARE A TEAM IN THE HARD AND OFTEN HAZARDOUS WORK OF THE RANGE.



AS SOON AS THE RIDER ROPES A COW THE WELL-TRAINED HORSE BRACES HIMSELF TO RECEIVE THE SHOCK. HE KEEPS THE ROPE TAUT AND DRAGS THE ANIMAL ALONG THE GROUND UNTIL THE COWBOY GETS TO THE COW AND HAS CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.



IN CUTTING A COW FROM THE REST OF THE HERD, THE HORSE, AS SOON AS HE KNOWS THE COW TO BE OUT, TAKES CHARGE. HE MUST SPIN AND TURN FASTER THAN A COW. HE WORKS QUIETLY WITH NO WASTE MOTION AND NEEDS NO ASSISTANCE FROM HIS RIDER.



HE IS SURE OF FOOT, SOUND OF HEART AND POSSESSES GOOD LUNGS.



HE WILL STAND WITHOUT TYING SIMPLY BY DROPPING THE REINS TO THE GROUND. THIS IS KNOWN AS GROUNDING.



AND, ABOVE ALL, WILL SERVE HIS RIDER UNTIL HE DROPS IF NECESSARY.

# INDIAN BOATS

(about 4 feet)

## Plains Indians

### MANDAN SKIN BOAT

Several skins were sewn together and stretched over a circular frame made of bent sticks. It was transported by dog travois on land.



## Western Indians

Balsa is made of round tuck rushes and bound with flat reed rushes. It is generally used for duck hunting and is made in two flours.



ANOTHER MODEL



The Tribes living in the vicinity and north of the Great Lakes region used birch and elm bark canoes, whereas the Penobscot Indians used moose hide canoes of similar design.

The Southeastern Indians employed dugouts mostly.

